

The lamentable fall of Queene Elnor, vvho for her pride and vvickednesse, by Gods
Iudgment, sunke into the ground at Charing crosse, and rose vp againe at Queene huc.
To the tune of, Gentle and Curteous.

When Edward was in England King Deuised soone by pollicie
the first of all that name:
Proud Elnor he made his Queene,
a statelly Spanish dame,
Whose wicked life and sinfull pride,
through England did excell:
To daintie Dames and gallant Maides
this Queene was knowne full well.

She was the first that did inuent
in Coaches braue to ride:
She was the first that brought this land
the deadly sinne of pride.
No English Taylors heere could serue
to make her rich attire:
But sent for Taylors into Spaine,
to feede her vaine desire.

They brought in fashions strange and new
with golden garments bright:
The Farthingales, and mighty Ruffes,
with Gownes of rare delight.
Dames in Spanish pride,
every where,
the Women then,
of haire.

maide & wife,
Spaine:
vloyes then,
dispite,

English-men
scourges clad, as brau. vsee
any Spaniard then.

he crau'd the King that euery man
that wore long lockes of haire,
might then be cut and powled all,
or shauen very neare.
Whereat the King did seeme content,
and soone thereto agreed:
And first commaunded that his owne,
should then be cut with speed.

And after that to please his Queene,
proclaymed through the land,
That euery man that wore long haire,
should powle him out of hand.
Yet this Spaniard not content,
men bore a spight:
requested of the King
all law and right:

woman-kind should haue,
scall cut away:
burning Irons sear'd,
aunch and stay.
then perceiving well
a women-kind,

to turne her bloody minde.

He sent for burning Irons straight,
all sparkling hot to see:
And sayd, O Queene, come on thy way
I will begin with thee.
Which wordes did much displease the
that penance to begin: (Queene
But aske him pardon on her knees,
who gaue her grace therein:

But afterward she chaunst to passe
along braue London streetes:
Whereas the Maior of Londons wife,
in statelly sort she meetes.
With musicke, mirth, and melodie,
vnto the Church that went:

To giue God thanks that to L. Maior
a noble Sonne had sent.

It grieved much this spitefull Queene
to see that any one
should so excede in mirth and toy,
except her selfe alone:
For which she after did deuise,
within her bloody minde,
And practise still most secretly
to kill the Lady kinde.

Vnto Lord Maior of London then
she sent her letters straight:
To send his Lady to the Court,
vpon her Grace to waight.
But when the London Lady came,
before proude Elnors face:
She stript her from her rich array,
and kept her vile and bace.

She sent her into Wales with speede,
and kept her secret there:
And vsde her still more crueller
then euery man did heare:
She made her wash, she made her startch
she made her budge alway:
She made her nurse vp children small,
and labour night and day.

But this contented not the Queene,
but shew'd her more despight:
She bound this Lady to a post
at twelue a clocke at nyght:
And as pooze Lady she stood bound
the Queene in angrie mood,
Did set two Snakes vnto her breasts,
that suckt away her blood.

Thus died the Maior of Londons wif
most greuous for to heare: (proud
Which made the Spaniard grow more

as after shall appeare.

The Wheate that dayly made her bier
was boulted twentie times,
The food that fed this Rarely Dame,
was boyld in costly wines.

The water that did spring from ground
she would not touch at all,
But wash't her handes with dew of dea-
that on sweete Roses fall: (uen,
She bath'd her body many times,
in fountaines false with milke,
And euery day did change attire,
in costly median silke.

But comming then to London backe,
within her Coach of golde:
A tempest strange within the skies,
this Queene did there behold.
Out of which storme she could not goe,
but there remain'd a space,
four horse could not stirre her coach
a foote out of that place.

A iudgement surely sent from heauen
for she doing guiltlesse blood,
Upon this sinfull Queene that steta
the London Lady good:
King Edward then, as wisdoms wile
accus'de her for that dede:
But she denied and wist that God
would send his wrath with speede.

If that vpon so vile a thing,
her hart did euer thinke,
She wist the ground might open wide
and therein she might sinke:
Which that at Charing crosse she sinke
into the ground a hie,
And after rose with life againe
in London at Queene huc.

Where after that she languish't soze
full twentie dayes in paine:
At last confest the Ladies blood,
her guiltie handes did staine.
And likewise how that by a Fryer
she had a base bozne childe,
Whose sinfull lust and wickednes
her marriage bed defilde.

Thus haue you heard the fall of pride;
a iust reward of sinne:
For those that wil forswear theselues
Gods vengeance dayly winne.
Beware of Pride you London dames,
both wiues and maydens all,
Beware this impietie in your minde,
that Pride will haue a fall,
FINIS.